

SERIES of JAPANESE CLASSICS in ENGLISH

— 1 —

HŌJŌKI

BY

KAMO no CHŌMEI

Revised by Prof. Scott George &
Prof. H. Kugimoto

Translated by Prof. T. Kusajima

TŌKYŌ CENTRAL KŌHHAN Co.
TOKYO JAPAN

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This Small Work shall be
Dedicated
With Respect
to
Dr Berthold Lomenfeld

from Author
Prof. Dr. Kusajima

8996 Kunitachi,
Kitatamagun, Tokyo

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1961

もし跡の白波に身をよする朝
には、岡の屋に行きかふ船を
ながめて、満沙彌が風情をぬ
すみ、もし桂の風、葉をなら
す夕には、瀋陽の江をおもひ
やりて源都督のながれをなら
ふ。もしあまりの興あれば、
しばしば松のひびきに秋風の
樂をたぐへ、水の音に流泉の
曲をあやつる。芸はこれ拙け
れども、人の耳を悦ばしめむ
とにもあらず、ひとり調べ、
ひとり詠じて、みづからの心
を養ふばかりなり。

At morn when I think of the white
ripples left in ships' wake, I sit on the
river-bank and watch boats passing to and
from Okanoya, and compose verses in the
mood of Manshami; in the evening,
listening to the rustle of the cinnamon-
leaves, I think of the scene in the Bay
of Jinyō and play on the Biwa after the
style of Gen Totoku.

When my mood of amusement is not
gone, I play sometimes the note of
'Autumnal Wind' accompanying by the
echoe of pines. When I hear the water
singing, I play the song of the 'Flowing
Stream'. Unskilful as my art is, I am
satisfied with playing for myself, not
to refresh others.

- Kamo no Chōmei; Hōjōki -

- translated by

Prof. Kusajima -

C O N T E N T S

Forwords to the Publication of Series of

Japanese Classics in English (in Japanese)

What is the Hōjōki?

Criticism on Hōjōki & Tsurezuregusa.

Hōjōki (in English)

Note of Hōjōki

Curriculum Vitae

英 訳 日 本 古 典 叢 書

刊 行 の こ と ば

岩波茂雄氏が熱海で、病ようやくあらたまり、臨終の床に、時の文寿堂 社長、佐藤繁次郎氏を招いて、云つたそうだ。“君はいくら、多額納税者のトップを切つても、世のため、人のために、何か有益なことをやつてみなくてはだめだ。もとより損は覚悟の上でだよ……”と。戦後の乱世に、彗星のようにあらわれた佐藤氏は、これをきいて、日本文学の英訳を作り、日本文化を海外に知らせるのも、世のため人のため、ひいては敗戦日本国のためだと悟つたという。

そこで、話は早速、東北大学の英文学の某教授のところへ持込まれたそうだ。が、面倒くさくて、骨が折れ、うまく行つたとて原文がよいからと思われ、まずくいけば英文学教授の威厳、声望にかゝわるという、いわば縁の下の力持ちの仕事を、この大先生がご快諾される筈がない。体裁よく、あざやかにことわられたという。そこで、同社の編集部長、中井清太郎氏はこの話を文部省国語課長、釘本久春氏、進駐軍のJapanese language simplification 担当の Scott George 氏と、国語研究所員で教育大学講師だつた私の所へ持ちこんで来た。釘本氏が古典と資料の選定、原文の選定、私とその英訳 Scott George 氏が英訳の添削、推敲という具合に、役割もきまつた。中井氏もうまく考えたものである。

私は当時20年ばかり某大学で英語を講じてはいたが、全くの下手の横ずきであつた。また国研に、職を奉じ、国語、国文学を愛好してはいたが、もともと国語の勉強にいたつては、英語、英文学より、はるかに下廻つていた。結局、どちらも、文字通りのDilettanteであつた。だから、僕が拙訳をしても某大先生のように、威厳にも、声望にもかゝわらず、痛くも、痒くもなく、変哲もない。“やれ、やれ”と云われたから、“うん”と答えたのである。原文の意味に、疑義 不審があれば、釘本君にただし、訳文の表現が変にひゞけば Scott George 氏に

きけばよいと、内心考えたのである。今にして想えば正に暴虎馮河の勇、めくら蛇におじぬ 我武者羅ともいえよう。

私はこの事業をやりとげるため、日本文学古典の代表的なものを学び、研究しその翻訳にとりかゝった。私は疎開先の霞ヶ浦湖畔の茅屋でこれをはじめた。そのころの私は、東天が乳色に白むころ、鶏鳴と共に床を蹴つては、飛び起き、古典書に對座し、その精進は湖畔を走る最終列車の轟きが、静寂の天地に舒するまでつづいた。私が戦後の乱世をよそに、ひたむきに、古典と對座していた間に霞ヶ浦を包む風物は幾回か変り、この精進の生活は昭和25年まで続いた。その間の成果は方丈記 徒然草 堤中納言物語、竹取物語、雨月物語、枕草紙本朝二十不孝等々であつた。私はその期間中、東京では、学校の講義のかたわら、学徒援護会内に翻訳協会を作り、アルバイト学生たちのG・H・Q・むけの英訳書類の監修をしたり、文部省からたのまれて米の文化使節団のため、わが国諸学会の状況報告を英訳したり、時には、学位論文抄録の英訳に精魂を傾け、或は教科書会社の依頼に応じ教科書受検閲のための翻訳に従事したりして、多忙の日を送り、その中で、私は古典英訳と取組んでいたのである。その間五年の歳月は流れ流れて、いつしか、頭には霜をおくようになっていた。

ところが、私が精魂を傾けていた、この仕事に、最後の悲しい日が来た。これは惡星の光芒をもつて、戦後の出版界をてらした、文寿堂も乱世の中に、走馬燈のように消え去つていつたことである。店の責任者は、五年にわたる私の徒勞を謝し、平身低頭した。

有為轉變をかこつ想は長明にも劣らず、いたずらに虚空を仰いで嘆息した。この心境は、嘆息を超克して、あきらめへ解脱する兼好の心境には程遠いものがあつた。しかし、今は亡き文寿堂に泣きついてもしんすべない。時に英訳清書原稿は、不幸にも1貫30匁に達していた。“1貫300 どうでもいい”の語に転嫁し、あきらめてしまった。

その後、折あるごとに、この英訳を上梓しようと心がけては来たが、米人もだん

だんに日本を去つてゆき、その機会も次第に遠のいていつた。文寿堂がもともと、損をするつもりで発足したこの仕事を誰が好んでひきうけよう。1貫300の、そのかみの原稿はたゞ篋底であくびをする運命をもつにいつた。

そこで私はこの英訳原稿を英訳日本古典叢書として、自ら刊行し、世におくことを決意した。もとより、国文学、英文学にいたり少いDilettantのすさびごとである。私の心境は長明の、“芸はこれつたなけれども、人の耳を喜ばしめんとにもあらず、ひとり詠じて、みづから、心を養ふばかりなり”の心境を彷彿するのである。

叢書中、国文学に精通しない不敏の訳者は、そこかしこに誤訳、拙訳を犯しているとおもう。あのPopeのTo err is humanのあきらめと、To forgive is divineのおおらかさをもつて、いたらぬ訳者にご指導の灯をかゝけていたゞきたい。訳者も、辞をひくゝして教を乞うことに吝かではない。老齢にむちうち懈怠をいましめ、文化建設のためには、渾身の勇を振うつつもりでおりますから。

1961年 夏

草 島 時 介 訳者

What is the "Hōjōki"

- Bibliography -

by Prof. T. Kusajima

It is believed that the "Hojoki" was written by Kamo-no-Chōmei. His life is not so well known as his work has been. It is said that he was the son of a shrine-manager, Chōkei, at Kamo, and was very good at various arts, such as composition of verses and music of tubes and strings. He also desired to become a shrine-manager only in vain, and made up his mind to become a priest, giving up this secular world below.

It can be concluded without serious mistakes that Kamo-no-Chōmei finished with his work, "Hōjōki" in the second year of the Kenreki, 1872, when he was sixty-five years of age.

The "Hōjōki" has been generally called an essay. Its contents, however, are anything but an essay, but a documentary description of his own life. In the former parts, the author describes the various kinds of troubles in life, events and disasters, such as earthquakes, conflagrations, storms, famine and pestilence, which he experienced himself. Next comes the conjunctive part, which combines the former part with the latter. In this part he dwells upon the motive why he became a priest and came to seclude himself in the depth of Hinoyama. In the latter part, however, the author describes the condition of the hut, the scene of Hinoyama, the state of his secluded life there, and further the reason why he lead his life of seclusion. In the end of the work, he describes some sentences, pretending as if he were a saint, and would warn himself.

The "Hōjōki" was written in fluent and beautiful sentences—in the combined style of Japanese and Chinese styles. Its style is recognized as the very first of those of the works in this period. The sentences are rhythmical and wonderfully beautiful, which indicates that the author was blessed with wonderful techniques in composition. But it is grievously felt that, this merit in the beautiful style of sentences proved the devoid of vigour and freshness in thought. The author seems a querulous person and rather concerned with outward appearance, and could not entirely give up the world. He expressed discontent, complained of things, and muttered at various troubles of the world. In Kamonō Chōmei's personality, we can hardly find such free and easy, unworldly mindedness, as we can find in Kenkō, the author of the "Tsurezuregusa", who has much of the Bohemian. And yet Chōmei was bestowed with the talent for techniques to compose beautiful sentences. It is believed that, in the older age he wrote the "Hōjōki" at a stretch, enjoying the pleasant state of secluded life.

CRITICISM on HŌJŌKI & TSUREZUREGUSA

Prof. H. Kugimoto &
Prof. T. Kusajima

Every poet and his creative works might be called the productions or the children which were born by the reality of the age wherein he lives. The poets and their works are the real expressions of the character of the age to which they belong.

The works of literature are, therefore, the peculiar fruits of character which only the age can bear. So they are coloured by fashion. And they express evidently the individual questions which the age has in itself—merely the age holds exclusively. It is the thorough comprehension of the character of the age marked in the works of literature and the questions of trouble experienced in respective age that we love literature and discover the significance of the appreciation of literature.

As far as they deserve the names, the poets and their works, however, represent furthermore their thoughts and realities concerning the question of eternity. They deal with the questions of primary importance which must be solved in human life as the theme of literature. Thus the poets and the works which can deal with the theme of eternity and express the thoughts and sentiments might be ranked in classics.

What is the theme of eternity of human life? In short it is the question of life and death. Any man or any work which examines what life and death are and furthermore answers the serious question can be called a true poet or a true work in every age. Only such artists and performances might be entitled

to the position in the rank of classics.

The two essays, the "Hōjōki" and "Tsurezuregusa", which were written in the Medieval Age of Japan—from the last half of the twelfth century till the beginning of the sixteenth—express vividly the character of the dark age and the question of eternity. Few deny that all the Japanese recognize this point. It is in the same way that the both performances express the age-colour of darkness and violence, and the both stare at death and life in the face. The authors of the both works might well be compared to the clear mirror which reflects the feature of the age or the keen eyes which gaze directly at life and death.

It is in the incessant thought and sentiment of life and death that the themes of the "Hōjōki" and "Tsurezuregusa" consist. The both poets, Kamo no Chōmei and Yoshida Kenkō, who were absorbed in religious thoughts through life, presented their respective work to the world, wherein the question of life and death was described. They can be said with right the classical poets of prominence Japan has ever seen.

* * *

The Medieval age of Japan dawns from the peers' loss of their political power and the barbarous samurais' (knights') acquisition of the mighty right to establish the military administration. This age might be called a long train of the wars and struggles for the political power. The daily lives were all confusion and entanglement of struggles, schemes, treacheries, and falsehood. During the five centuries from the beginning of the Medieval Age, peers and samurai—especially the latter—only took pains for struggle and massacre to acquire the political power.

The brutal deeds were experienced even among blood relations. The degradation in moral life was thus found during these five centuries.

In every age the foolishness is generally revealed in the political circles. It is the case with this age. In the point of violence, cruelty and brutality, this age defies the comparison with the preceding age, the "Heian-cho". So violent and brutal was the Medieval Age. Indeed we must recognize that the brilliant culture of the "Heiancho"--the age of beauty and peace,—reached its end and gave place to the degradation of humanity till at last it resulted in struggles and darkness who reminds of these golden days of the "Heiancho" when the poems of "Kokin-shū" and the romance of the "Genji-monogatari" were performed, the beginning of the Medieval Age was too severe a period of degradation in morality.

In the face of severe realities in the age of degradation, it is of nature that the people of culture and thought should come to love and long for something absolute. And on the other hand the object of peoples' attention in daily life was not found in anything other than death. It was death itself that they had to solve first of all others.

The world was too severe and violent an experience for those of the Medieval Age to conduct themselves after the artists' manner of the Heianchō of brilliancy. They could never be satisfied with the mood and sentiment of the artists of the "Heianchō" who were intoxicated with fleeting beauty. Indeed their passion and sentiment for the beauty of the blossoms, birds, wind, and moon might not be inferior to those of the "Heianchō", their heart itself, however, was too severely injured and wounded by strict realities of pain to lead their

life, holding dilettatism in the depth of their bosoms to enjoy nature and appreciate taste.

The poets and cultured of the Medieval Age try to endeavour to elevate poems and arts to the absolute ecstasy, and to make them start thence. Thus they come to find light in something absolute or eternal. Here they discover religion in the world of literature. They long for the eternal life in the ecstasy of religion, Buddhism.

The desire to make poems start from the absolute world gives place to their life endeavouring to comprehend what death is. To overcome death and to live above it become one of their most important questions of life.

Thus Buddhism become the first principle of their life, and the spirit to prepare for death become the theme of literature. Here we see the birth of works after the form of "panse" quite indifferent to poetical techniques and the form of novels. Thus we find the necessary growth of the works according to the form of the "panse".

From the realities of the Medieval Age were born the 'Hōjōki' and "Tsurezuregusa". They are phylosophical and literary works after the form of a "panse". Indeed one may point out that we are able to discover the similarity especially of the latter to the "Makura-no-Sōshi" in its form or structure, but one can never deny the fact that they are the unique productions of phylosophical as well as literary characters produced in the Medieval Age, now that they are founded on the unique speculation concerning life and death. Their characteristics are found in the passion and aspiration for the absolute. They stare at the substance of death in the face. They might be called to symbolize the

Medieval Age, expressing the desire to place life upon the ground of certainty.

* * *

Kamo-no-Chōmei insisted in the "Mumyōhishō"—the "Critics of Poems"—that symbolism is the essence of Japanese poems. He is one of the most distinguished criticizers in the history of Japanese literature. He gave up all he had in the world—an official post in a shrine, a position as a high official of the Imperial Poetry Bureau, houses and other properties, and secluded from the world to live a lonely life in a hut on a hill. The implicit belief in Buddhism made him write the great philosophical and literary work, the 'Hōjōki' during his seclusion, though the work is not very voluminous.

In this work he described severe realities and painful feelings. Descriptions and sentiments are crossed through each other in the whole volume. Thus he endeavoured to express the pain of sentiment together with the miserable and sorrowful events of nature and life. The fundamental thought of the work is found in the description of the opening page of the work:

"The brook glides on continuously, but its water is ever changing. Bubbles break here, while they form there. They never remain the same. The same fate is shared by men in the world, and by the houses of men"

The sorrow and pain in the world make Kamo-no-Chōmei be convinced of the uncertainty of life. If it is the essence of life and the consciousness of uncertain life must be human life, the pain of men is the endeavour to make their thoughts and

feelings adapt for the consciousness of vanity.

The trial, endeavour, tride, and trouble to acquire the consciousness of uncertainty are found in the main stream of the "Hōjōki". The great value of the "Hōjōki" consists singly in the author's endeavour and trial for faith.

Kamo-no-Chōmei described the idea of uncertainty, not as the truth of philosophy, but as bodily experiences in the belief in Buddhism. In the "Hōjōki", the idea of uncertainty is no longer a mere philosophy through speculation to him, but has become the truth of life.

In this essay, however, one may discover the author who merely troubles and laments over the belief that life is unstable. One may find out only his quiver and shiver with the belief of vanity.

Kamo-no-Chōmei can only discover the truth of vanity, and yet can never be tranquil in body and soul resigning brightly himself to what he had in the world.

In spite of all his ardent passion and severe agony to give up all the terrestrial and human happiness, not a light of emancipation is to be seen.

The agony in his failure to acquire the light is the character and the individuality of the beginning of the Medieval Age. One must not point out the destitute of his emancipation from worldly bonds and desires, but must comprehend the truth of the agony of the Medieval Age.

* * *

The "Tsurezuregusa" was written after the

"Hōjōki". The realities of the world were still confused in those days: people struggled for the political power, struggle and opposition were seen among the court and the peers, and antagonism was found everywhere between the peers of the court and the knights who were really possessed of the political power. The world was all schemes and struggles.

It is because of the struggle and confusion that religion came to rule over the world. In the world of confusion and religion the "Hōjōki" was born.

The "Tsurezuregusa" was written two centuries after the "Hōjōki" was born. In the latter we notice somewhat different character of literature from the former: in the former the view of life and the attitude to it are far more highly expressed than in the latter.

Of course we see the difference of characters between the both authors. Kamo-no-Chōmei was of talent as a criticizer of literature and art, while Yoshida Kenkō, the author of the "Tsurezuregusa" was distinguished in the genius for poetry. Especially the latter was very prominent as a poet as well as a thinker. He is estimated even at present as one of the greatest essayists throughout the whole history of Japanese literature. From the view point of an artist he was far above Kamo-no-Chōmei who was not so much a poet as a criticizer or a theorist. Yoshida Kenkō was blessed with the aptitude for art to say nothing of a thinker or a philosopher. We can recognize his wonderful creative power superior to that of Kamo-no-Chōmei.

It is sure that the difference in the characters and temperament of the both writers reflects upon their respective works and gave birth to the

difference in the contents of both works, but we must on the other hand recognize the stream of thoughts which lie hidden in the background of the works.

The writers of the both works are conscious of the question of death, and besides they endeavour to grasp something far stronger than death-life: thus the both works are grounded on the common spirit with which they endeavor to overcome death. The truth of uncertainty of life is coloured and clothed in various descriptions of thoughts and sentiment, and is found in the background of the works.

In the age of Yoshida Kenko, however, the question of vanity or uncertainty is not so fresh a question as in the age of the "Hōjōki". The consciousness of the pain of sentiment was a fact of mediocrity, or rather of stupidity.

Pain and agony are laments in vain. To make friends with the thought of uncertainty and solitude,—that is the duty as well as right which are permitted for people to have. To live a pleasant life conscious of this principle is what a man should do. Thus the author of the "Tsurezuregusa" embodied this principle, and the light and salvation of fragrance are seen in his life.

As for Kamo-no-Chōmei, he is quite unconcerned about anything beautiful or delightful of the realities of the world. To him, the religious truth exists only too far from the human world.

In the case of Yoshida Kenko, however, he recognizes the truth of Buddhism, and moreover enjoys and stares at the beautiful of nature and life in the face. Both religion and art are combined harmoniously in his life.

In the 'Tsuresuregusa' it is more clearly and distinctly expressed than in the 'Hōjōki' that we should be surely convinced the principle of vicissitude of life, and we should resign ourselves to the earthly bonds. We see how his attitude was anxious for the other world above.

His courageous endeavour for deliverance or salvation is seen together with his aesthetic opinion. In the 'Tsuresuregusa', he describes:

"A man who does not appreciate love, however distinguished in learning and accomplishments he may be, seems to me to show a definite lack, he is like a fine 'sake'-cup without a bottom....."

To Yoshida Kenko, the vicissitude itself makes life even the more beautiful: thus he is above the uncertainty of the world. He describes that it is due to vicissitude that the world is of interest and amusement.

His eyes for the other world above stare fixedly at the beautiful nature and delicate facts of human psychology. Thus they appreciate the world and life. With eternity his eyes are fixed upon presence, and with Buddha his heart upon the human world.

In the 'Tsuresuregusa' we see a harmonious combination of religion and art. In the work we find a wise agreement of the anxiety for the absolute and the attitude of mediocrity. In the 'Tsuresuregusa' he states:—

"Is it the highest of enjoyment to see blossoms in full bloom, or the full moon shining clearly and brightly in a cloudless sky? No, it is not. It may be true; on the contrary, that it is greater refinement of taste to long for a sight of the moon,

or to remain indoors, little aware of the swift passing of spring....."

The pleasant resignation, complacency, and wise appreciation are found in his work. Here we see his success as a thinker and a poet, and the harmony of soul which never disturb his own life holding the thought of vanity of life in the depth of his bosom.

In both works we can see the agony of the Medieval Age and the way how to solve it. Especially the life of the author of the "Tsurezuregusa" who respect religion and art, may throw a bright light upon them who are suffering from the painful realities of the world, and he must surely console them and become one of their companions.

Yoshida Kenko, who was once a knight in the court, devoted himself to the sentiment of art, since he resigned himself to Buddhism.

It must be possible for the life of a priest to love truth and beauty. But in order to crystallize this heart into a concrete work valuable enough to be ranked in the first classed classics, the author could never dispense with the inflexible endeavour, indefatigable industry, character of fragrance, and moreover the knowledge of 'Shinto', philosophy, literatures of the Orient, to say nothing of those of Japan.

Indeed one may neglect to read the "Hōjōki", but the "Tsurezuregusa" must always be read, loved, and appreciated, as long as the Japanese live on earth. It will surely throw a bright light upon them forever.

Kusajima san,

This is a good translation job. I revised it to some extent, when I thought the expression sounded somewhat strange, but you did exceedingly well--this is really your translation, just touched up a bit. Best of luck to you and the other. I hope to see you again in Japan before too long.

Scott George

Note: This is the reviser's letter written to the translator during the work.

H Ō J Ō K I

Kamo no Chōmei
Translated by Prof. T.Kusajima

The brook glides on continuously, but its water is ever-changing. Bubbles break here, while they form there. They never remain the same. The same fate is shared by men in the world, and by the houses of men. Indeed, one might think that the abodes of high and low, constructed into a magnificent city, would outlive the generations, but few of them, if well observed, resist the destruction of time. Some were brought to ruin last year and have now been rebuilt; other splendid mansions have been reduced to small dwellings. As it is with the houses, so it is with the owners. No doubt the abodes and people are really the same in place and number; I can, however, see only one out of ten people I used to know in the days before. Some die in the morning; others are born in the evening—bubbles in the brook form and break.

Ignorant are we whence we come into this world and whither we return. And we know not what it is that troubles us in this unreal world, and what affords us delight in the temporary show of things. As the master and his house in the flickering world of change, so is the dew-pearled morning glory. Some outlive the vanishing dew only to wither in the first sunshine, some droop even while the dew remains, but none lives to see the evening.

It is more than forty years since I first knew the heart of things. During that time I have observed many wonderful events.

The 28th of April in the third year of Angen

(1177) was a day of great winds; the night was wild and boisterous. At about eight o'clock a fire broke out in the south-eastern part of the city, and spread north-west, as far as the Sujoyakumon, the Daigokuden, the Daigakuryō, and the Mimbushō. During that night they were all reduced to ashes. It was said that the starting point of the holocaust was a temporary dwelling at Tominokōji, where a sick man was dwelling. Harried by the wind, the fire spread from there in the shape of an open fan. The distant houses were enveloped in smoke, while the nearer ground licked by tongues of fire. Sparks soared aloft, reflecting in the night sky, made a brilliant display. And flames cut off and blown by the wind, flew over a space of one or two cho away and found new quarters there. The dwellers, of course, were panic-stricken and at their wit's end.

Some fell choked with smoke; others were seared to death by flame. Those fortunate ones who were saved from death nevertheless lost all their treasures. Everything was reduced to ashes, so that it was quite impossible even to compute the amount of loss.

In this fire, sixteen mansions belonging to those of the highest position were burnt to the ground, as well as innumerable others. One third of the city was a ruin. Thousands of men and women, as well as an immense number of cattle, fell victim to the flames.

Thinking over all human endeavours undertaken in vain, it would seem that the worst is that undertaken by those people, who took so much pain, trouble, and expense to reside in so dangerous a city.

Again, on the 29th of April in the fourth year of Jishō (1180), a mighty whirlwind arose at

Nakanomikado, Kyōgoku, and it travelled as far as Rokujō. Wandering a few cho in one gust, it broke all the houses in its path, crushing some entirely flat to the ground. In some only the beams and pillars were left, and in some the roofs of the gates blown off and carried violently over a distance of four or five cho. Fences were blown, and boundaries vanished, making two residences one. Many rare treasures were whirled up into the sky. Thatches from roofs were whipped up and scattered as if they were leaves in the winter wind. Dust, blown up like smoke, blinded the people. The howling of the wind made hearing impossible, and made people think of the evil wind of Hell. Many houses were destroyed and numberless people killed and maimed while trying to mend their houses. The wind travelled toward the south-west, to the great grief of those who lived there. Of course, a storm wind is to be expected, but people have never seen such a powerful one. I thought that it was surely a cursed symptom of something serious.

(Several paragraphs which follow are omitted. In these the removal of the capital, the famine, the pestilence, the earthquake and other disasters are described. These may not be necessary to know the essence of the essay, and we can dispense with them.)

These examples will serve to show how difficult and unstable is human life and how uncertain are we and our houses. Then think upon the cares and troubles we experience according to our social situations. Those of low situation who receive the favor of those in high place may indeed be steeped in pleasure for the moment, but cannot be happy long. They are forced to restrain their grief, and choke back their tears. In every aspect of their behaviour they are filled with fear, as if they were sparrows close by the nest of a hawk.

The poor living next door to a rich house are always ashamed of their wretched condition. They cannot be easy in mind even for a little while, seeing the envy of their wives and children and viewing the disdainful attitude of the rich neighbors.

If he lives in a small place jammed up close with houses, he cannot be free from fires; if in an unfrequented one, he is subject to inconvenience in coming and going, and may be in danger of burglars.

Those men who hold influence are often avaricious, and single men are contemptuous of others. Wealth gives birth to care, while poverty is always the parent of grief. Dependence makes one another's slave, while charity obliges one to be affection's servant. If one acts according to the ways of the world, he will be troubled; if he acts as he likes, he may seem insane. Where and how shall we enjoy a moment's peace of existence?

I inherited my paternal grandmother's estate and lived there for a long time. Afterward, however, I was bereft of influence and enfeebled by frequent misfortunes, till at last, when thirty years of age, I made up my mind to give up the estate and build a hut to live in just as I liked.

When compared with the residence in which I had lived, this one was scarcely larger than one-tenth. It was nothing but a living-room of my own, scarcely deserving the name of a house. I built a mud-wall, but could not afford a gate. A storage-place for a vehicle was constructed, with bamboo pillars supporting the roof. When it was windy and snowing, the hut was exposed to considerable danger. And close by the river-bank as it was, it was in danger of being flooded; moreover, of being attacked by burglars.

So even here I have been troubled with disagreeable earthly cares for these thirty years. The occasional accidents that came to me against my will, were a constant reminder of bad luck. So when I became fifty, I left the house and the world altogether. Since I had no wife and children, there was nothing I found hard to give up. Did I, who was not a pensioner, long for my former position? I spent in vain many springs and summers among the clouds of the Hill of Ohara.

Then, when the dew of sixty years was vanishing, I built a hut where I intended to pass my older days. It could be compared to a hunter's shelter for the night or the cocoon of an old silk-worm. As small as the other was, this hut is scarcely a hundredth of its size. My life was declining, and my abode was reduced whenever I moved. Its structure was like that of no ordinary house. The room was ten feet by ten; its height less than seven feet. Since I had no mind to settle in a definite place, I did not decide on a fixed one. My hut consisted of clay-floor, thatched roof, and planks linked together with hooks in such a way that they could easily be disassembled if I found anything against my will. How little the expense to change my home! Two carts were enough to carry the house; I had only to pay their small hire.

Since I secluded myself in the innermost recess of Hino, I have made a temporary blind on the south side of the hut. Under the blind I laid a bamboo-mat, along the west wall a watershelf, and in the house I hung an image of Buddha, that his brow might shine in the evening sun. Also I hung a picture of Fugen and of Fudō on each of the door leaves. On a little shelf above the sliding door you might find three or four trunks of black leather, containing some extracts of Japanese songs, musics, Ōjōyōshū and

so forth. By their side against the wall I placed a Koto and a Biwa, which I called Origoto and Tsugibiwa respectively. On the eastside was my bed, made of a straw-mat with fern fronds beneath it. Beneath the window in the eastern wall was placed a writing-desk. Beside my pillow was a brazier for making a wood fire. To the north of the hut, enclosed by a broken hedge, was my small garden, planted with several medicinal herbs. This, then, was my temporary dwelling.

Now I will describe for you the conditions around. Water is stored in a stone-reservoir and comes in through a pipe on the south side of the hut. Since the woods are close by, I can easily get logs and firewood. The place is called Toyama. Its paths are too overgrown with vines for people to walk along. The valley is covered with thickets, but it opens up toward the west, and is convenient for me to sink in the meditation of the Paradise in the West.

In spring I see wistarias in full bloom to the west, purple clouds on the hills. In summer, I can hear the cuckoo singing his mournful note and I talk with the bird, asking that I shall be guided when I leave this world for the mountain of death. As for the autumn, the shrill chirp of the cicada can be heard everywhere. To me, they sound as if they were lamenting over this unstable world. In winter snow is interesting to me—snow which accumulates in depth and then melts away may be compared to human sins.

If I feel inclined, I dispense with saying prayers and reading books, for which no one could admonish me, and of which I was never ashamed before any friend. Although I make no special effort to keep silent, the solitude prevents me from the sins of the tongue. Having no companion, I have no chance to enter into conversations and thereby am saved from

committing sins of the tongue. I have no chance to break the canons of Buddhism, even though I take no great pains not to do so.

When at morn I think of 'the white ripples left in ships' wake, I sit on the river-bank and watch boats passing to and from Okanoya, and compose verses in the mood of Manshami; in the evening, listening to the rustle of the cinnamon-leaves, I think of the scene in the Bay of Jinyō and play on the Biwa after the style of Gen Totoku.

When my mood of amusement is not gone, I play sometimes the note of 'Autumnal Wind' accompanied by the echoes of pines. When I hear the water singing, I play the song of the 'Flowing Stream'. Unskilful as my art is, I am satisfied with playing for myself, not to refresh others.

At the foot of the hill stands another small cottage, built of brushwood, where the keeper of the hill lives. He has a young son who often visits me. When I have time to spare, I take a stroll with him. Separated in age as we are, he being sixteen and I sixty, we feel then equally refreshed and amused.

Sometimes we pluck the great rush flowers or gather cranberries; and sometimes we fill our baskets with wild potatoes or parsley. Occasionally we go down to the water-fields around the hill and gather fallen ears of corn to weave a mat. In fine weather I climb up the top of the hill to behold my native place in the distance and enjoy the views of Kowatayama, Fushimi, Toba, and Hatsukase—splendid views which belong to no one but him who looks at them. Thus I can amuse myself freely.

When I am not tired and feel like walking farther, my mind flies afar along the tops of the

hills. I cross over Sumiyama, pass beyond Kasadori, and make a pilgrimage to Iwama, and worship at Ishiyama. Sometimes I visit the remains of the old Semimaru over the plain of Awazu or cross the River Tagami to worship at the tomb of Sarumaru Dayū. Often I return home with cherries, maple branches, ferns or fruits according to the season. Some of these I offer to Buddha and some I take as presents.

The moon shining in at my window on a calm night makes me remember the men of old, and monkeys' cries moisten my sleeve with tears. Fireflies in the sward gleam like torchlights of Makinoshima; a morning shower sounds to me like the wind rustling through the leaves; a wild-bird's note makes me wonder whether it is my father or mother; the hart coming close by my hut reminds me of how far I am from the world. Sometimes I stir up the ash-covered charcoal and make it an old man's companion after a midnight dream. Though the forest is not very dense and terrible, owls' moping voices arouse pity in me. Such scenes are never exhausted here on this hill. Those who think profoundly and feel sensitively would find more of interest here than I do.

When I first settled here, my idea was to stay in this hut only for a short time. Since then five years have passed; my temporary dwelling has become a permanent one; leaves accumulated deep under the eaves have decayed; moss grown on the floor. Since I came to the hill, I have heard that many noble persons have passed away. Still more of the humble must have left this world. How many houses I can count which were burnt in raging fire! Only this small shed is cozy and free from such fear. Though not spacious, it is enough to shelter me; I have a bed by night and a seat by day. The gona likes a little shell to live in, because he knows content: the fish-hawk lives on a rough beach, for it is

afraid of men. In such a way I think of myself. Aware of myself and of the world, I have nothing to desire and no friend to seek. To be quiet in mind, to be troubled with nothing—these are my happiness.

People generally do not build their houses for themselves, but for their families, or friends, or tutors and lords, or even for their oxen, horses and treasure. I, however, made a house for myself alone, because I have no such things to consider, live with, or rely upon.

What is called friendship in this world is respect for the rich and openhanded and indifference to the righteous and kind. It would be better for us to make friends with music and nature. Servants mind only rewards and punishments and think highly of those who favour them. No matter how kindly they may be treated, they are never quiet, but always complaining about something. It would be better to make ourselves our own servants. Then if we have something to do, we can use our own hands and legs. This, though somewhat troublesome, is far easier than employing others. When I have somewhere to go, I employ my own legs. This is far less irksome, though painful, than to care for a horse or vehicle.

Now we use ourselves in a double way, employing our hands as our servants and our legs as our vehicles. The mind is satisfied with them. It knows our body's troubles; it may employ them when fresh, and allow them to rest when tired. So it need never become mortified, if the body is idle. Moderate walking and work are good for health; how then should we sit doing nothing? To trouble others is a sin; why should we ask others for help?

I live substantially the same way with regard to diet and clothes. A garment of fuji and a bed-quilt

of hemp are enough to cover my body. And the great rush flowers in the fields and fruits from the hills will preserve me from hunger.

Though poorly clad, I am no object of ridicule, here in solitude. My meals, scanty as they are, are nevertheless delicious. I do not intend to adduce these things as a sermon for the well-off, but merely to compare my own present life with that I formerly led.

Envy and fear have left me since I gave up the world. Without regret and without reluctance, I rely only upon heaven's will, and no more. I regard myself but as a cloud floating in the sky, neither relying on anything nor being dissatisfied with what comes to me. Pleasure in life is found only in the moment's sleep over the pillow of the dreamer, and desires in life are found in the beautiful of nature.

All things in the world come from only one mind. How useless treasures and palaces are, if the mind is uneasy. Here in solitude, I love my lonely cottage and feel pity for those who toil in the dusty city, though I should be ashamed to become a beggar there. If you doubt what I say, you have only to look at birds and fishes. Fishes like water; none but fishes know the reason. Birds are fond of woods; but only birds know why. It is the same with my seclusion. Its pleasure can never be enjoyed by those who have not.

I have but little left of life now; I approach nearer and nearer to the peak of death, as the moon slides down the sky toward the mountain top. Just as I am about to start for the dark land of death, how should I trouble myself with earthly cares? The teaching of Buddha is to love no earthly things. It would be a sin even to love this mossy cottage;

it might also be an obstruction in the way of salvation, should I repose on the lap of tranquillity. Woe to them who waste their time wallowing in pleasures of no value!

One still morning when I was sunk in meditation over this, I asked myself:

"To escape from the world and live among woods and hills is only to set one's mind at ease and practise one's principles. And yet you, although you look like a sage, have an impure mind. Your conduct is even inferior to that of Shuribandoku, though your hut resembles that of Jyōmyōkoji. Is it the effect of poverty that troubles you? Or is it the influence of impurity that makes you mad?"

I could answer nothing to the question, but said prayers twice or thrice for mere form's sake.

The last day of March, the Second year
of Kenreki (1211)

Monk Ren-in, at the hut of Toyama,

"Atlas, the moon will lose light behind the hill,
If it could only shine forever in the sky!"

Note of Hōjōki

by Prof. T. Kusajima

page line

- 12 : 39 o The 3rd year of Angen: 1837, the third year in the reign of the Emperor Takakura.
- 13 : 4 o Suzaku-mon: Entrance gate to the Imperial Palace on the Suzaku-street.
- 13 : 5 o Daigoku-den: principal building of the Imperial Palace. In it the Emperor takes charge of administration of the state, and various national ceremonies are held.
- 13 : 5 o Daigaku-ryō: Building where students are trained in culture.
- 13 : 5 o Mimbusho: Bureau where population is surveyed and various other domestic affairs are administered
- 13 : 8 o Higuchi-Tomino Kōji: proper name of a place.
- 13 : 39 o Jishō: The period of the dynasty of the Emperor Antoku
- 14 : 1 o Nakamikado-Kyōgoku: proper names of streets of the ancient Kyōto.
- 16 : 36 o Fugen: the 8th son of Amidabutsu Incarnation of charity and intelligence, constancy and wisdom, and act and evidence.

- o Fudō: body which destroys demons and devils in the evil world.
- 16 : 39 o Ojō-yōshū: Volumes written by priest Genshin in the 3rd year of the Eikan. In these prayers for salvation are collected and belief in Buddha is told.
- 17 : 2 o Origoto: A folding instrument.
- 17 : 3 o Tsugibiwa: A portable instrument which can be divided to sections.
- 18 : 8 o Manshami: Abbreviated name of Mansen-Shami. Shami is the man who has been just newly enlisted in Buddhism. Mansen is Kasano-asomimaro by secular name.
- 18 : 10 o Bay of Jinyō: A place of China to which Hakurakuten, one of the most noted poets of China in the Age of Tō, was exiled. There he heard the verse of "Jinyo-ko". In this verse we find, '... rustling in cinnamon-leaves ...'. Kamo-no-Chomei remembering this verse, he wrote this part in the same mood as that of Hakurakuten.
- 18 : 11 o Gentotoku: Minamoto-no Tsunenobu. He played 'biwa' skilfully. He made Katsura (Cinnamon) style of 'Biwa'.
- 18 : 16 o Song of the Flowing Stream: A famous song of 'biwa'.
- 19 : 4 o Semimaru: Noted player of 'biwa'

- 19 : 5 o Sarumaru-dayū: Noted poet in the
beginning of the Heian Era.
- 22 : 14 o Jōmyōkoji: lived in a small hut, 6
feet by 6 in the same age of Gantama.
- 22 : 13 o Shuribandoku: The most stupid deciple
of Gantama.
- 22 : 21 o The second year of Kenryaku: 1872.
In the reign of the Emperor Juntoku.



Curriculum Vitae

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Works:

Psychology of Reading, (in Japanese) Tōkō Shoin
 Science of Reading, (in Japanese) Meiji Tosho Shuppan
 How can we read better and faster? (in Japanese)
 Tōkō Shoin
 Outline of Education of English (in Japanese)
 Tōkō Shoin



